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THE

AGREEABLE SURPRISE.

A

COMIC OPERA,

IN TWO ACTS.

BY

Mr. O'KEEFE. (John)

THE MUSIC COMPOSED BY DR. ARNOLD.

Dublin.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

THE MUSIC COMPOSED BY MR. ARNOLD.

LONDON:

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M DCC LXXX.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

M E N.

Sir Felix Friendly,	Mr. MOSS.
Compton,	Mr. JOHNSTON.
Eugene,	Mr. WOOD.
Chicane,	Mr. MITCHELL.
Lingo,	Mr. CORNELYS.
John,	Mr. LYNCH.
Thomas,	Mr. KANE.
Cudden,	Mr. MURPHY.
Stump,	Mr. LE BRUN.
William,	Mr. WITHINGTON.

W O M E N.

Mrs. Cheſhire,	Mrs. HEAPHY.
Laura,	Mrs. JOHNSTON.
Fringe,	Miſs WOOD.
Cowſlip,	Mrs. HITCHCOCK.

Countrymen, Laſſes, &c.

BRITISH MUSEUM 18 MR 1921

THE

AGREEABLE SURPRISE.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Sir Felix Friendly *and* Compton *discovered sitting,* John *and* Thomas *waiting behind, country lads and lasses at a distance, singing chorus, as the curtain rises.*

CHORUS.

HERE *we sing, dance and play,*
Nor perceive the blithe day
Is departing, when gliding so smoothly away.

Comp. *Let poets still carrol the beauties of Spring,*
And love-lorn shepherds of summer may sing;
'Tis Autumn bestows full fruition of joy,
Rich treasure, sweet pleasure, that never can cloy.

Sir Felix. *The yellow leaf falling, preſents the wiſe page,*
That bids us lay up for our winter of age:
While labour ſubſiding, ſtill ſweetens repoſe,
And our wealth, roſy health, from induſtry flows.
Here we ſing, &c.

Sir *Felix*. There there, get you gone all to the lawn, and be as merry as good cheer, ſtrong beer, and the pipe and tabour can make you.

Peaſ. Long life and happy days to our maſter, ſir Felix! [Exeunt *Peaſ*.

Sir *Felix*. O Compton! I'm ſo happy to-day! Is n't that your old ſervant Thomas?

Comp. Ay, ſir Felix, now my only ſervant: fidelity roots the poor fellow in a barren ſoil.

Sir *Felix*. Deſire Lingo to come here, (*Exit John*) Here, Thomas, drink my health. (*gives him money.*) We'll have none of our verdure wither to-day, for want of moiſture. [*Exit Tho*.

Ah, friend Compton, had you but continued partnerſhip with me to this day, well——Ay ay, I ſtuck to Blackwell-hall, till I converted my wool into a go'den fleece. You muſt, like a ſilly ſheep, go privateering, and ſo be fleeced by the French and Spaniards.

Comp. Why, ſir Felix, no reflections on the part you have taken, I thought it more honourable to be ſhorn in facing the foe, than in ſafety to carry back a branded fleece, by flying from the enemies of my country.

Sir

Sir *Felix*. Well ſaid, my old battering ram. You're a loyal ſubject, and ſhall never be without his Majeſty's picture, while I have a collection. A freind to the King ſhou'd never want his countenance. You're a true patriot too; and 'tis a pity, that a lover of his country ſhould ever be in want of the bleſſings ſhe produces. But come, give me the ſong that firſt ſet you agog on privateering.

Comp. Sir Felix, I ſhan't repine at my private loſſes, ſo long as we can keep the dominion of the ſea, and preſerve the Trident put into our hands by our valient forefathers.

SONG.

Thus, thus, my boys, our anchor's weigh'd,
See Britain's glorious flag diſplay'd,
Unfurl the ſwelling ſail;
Sound, ſound, your ſhells, ye Tritons, ſound,
Let ev'ry heart with joy rebound,
We ſcud before the gale.
See Neptune quits his watry car,
Depos'd by Jove's decree,
To hail the free-born Britiſh tar,
The ſov'reign of the ſea.

A ſail a-head, our decks we clear,
Our canvas crowd, the chaſe we near,
In vain the Frenchman flies;
A broadſide pour'd through clouds of ſmoak,
Our captain roars, my hearts of oak,
Now draw, and board your prize.

See Neptune, &c.

Sir *Felix*. Thank ye, thank ye, old partner! Odſ I'm ſo happy to-day!

Comp. Pray, ſir Felix, may I beg to know the cauſe of this happineſs, and theſe extraordinary preparations?

Sir *Felix*. Why, Compton, 'tis neceſſary you ſhould know this day is a *triple* feſtival, a little calendar, man, my birth day, harveſt home, and Laura's wedding.

Comp. My daughter! To whom, ſir Felix?

Sir *Felix*. To my ſon.

Comp. Eugene! I'm ſurpriſed!

Sir *Felix*. I love to ſurpriſe people with good news.——You know this was always my intention.

Comp. And is all this certain?

Sir *Felix*. True as that you have brought up my ſon as yours, and I your daughter as an orphan that I had adopted. You know they love each other, and in this union of hearts my grand point is anſwered. I am ſo happy my ſon, by thinking himſelf not worth a ſhilling, has eſcaped the foppery and ideas of diſſipation he might have imbibed from a knowlege of being heir to my fortune; and in your Laura I ſhall have a daughter-in-law poſſeſſed of ſenſe to diſtinguiſh merit, though linked to poverty, and generoſity to reward it with her heart.

Comp. Dear ſir Felix, this goodneſs to a child of mine, is a meaſure I——

Sir *Felix*. You wicked man, would you oppoſe goodneſs?—Ha, ha, ha! this is pleaſant. Laura loves Eugene, though ſhe thinks he's not worth a groat; and though he doats upon her, yet, awed by her

her fortune, the poor fool ſighs at humble diſtance. Yes; and egad! there were folks ſighing for him too. Why, do you know, Compton, he has made a conqueſt of a rich cheeſe-monger's widow in the Borough, who ſuppoſing him much poorer than herſelf, forced money upon him to lure his affections. Ha, ha, ha! this old, mouldy widow will have him in ſpight of his teeth; and thinking him ſtill incapable of re-paying her in coin, actually deſigns to hunt him with an attorney, and follow him here into the country, to force him into marriage. Ha, ha, ha! but where's Eugene now? becauſe the bridegroom's preſence is neceſſary at a wedding you know.

Comp. I left him at home drawing.

Sir *Felix.* At ſtudy how to get his bread by ſcratching upon copper, or daubing canvas. Ha, ha, ha!

Comp. True, ſir Felix. From the idea he has Fortune ſtill to court, he is diligent in improving every grace, and acquiring every accompliſhment that can render him worthy of her favour.

Sir *Felix.* And Laura in London, laying out a few hundreds I gave her this morning.

Comp. Without an idea that I am her father, and even breathe but from you bounty. O, ſir Felix! to ſo many obligations in the ſcale, gratitude is a feather.

Sir *Felix.* Then keep it to yourſelf, you feather-headed gooſe. Ar'n't we to be happy?——Compton, you took me into partnerſhip with you, when all my ſtock was a little honeſty; a poor capital, as the world goes! I have now the means, you the inclination. And

were

were you rich, and I poor, I know you'd act by me, as I mean to do by you. Here! Lingo, Lingo!

Comp. I see you have brought home your new butler.

Sir *Felix.* Yes, sir; but he's a curst fellow, as ignorant as dirt. It seems he's been a schoolmaster here in the country, taught all the bumpkin fry what he calls Latin; and the damn'd dog so patches his own bad English with his bits of bad Latin, and jumbles the Gods, Goddesses, Heroes celestial and infernal together at such a rate; I took him to oblige a foolish old friend of mine; who intended him for St. Omers; so I must keep him to draw good wine, and brew balderdash Latin.——Lingo!

Comp. I see a carriage coming down the avenue.

Sir *Felix.* Eh! it's Laura.——Step you home for Eugene. D'ye hear, Compton? not a word till I break the matter myself. Ecod! they'll be as happy!

Comp. I am sure they will be perfectly so.

S O N G.

The virgin lily of the night,
Aurora finds in tears,
But soon in coif of native white,
Her fragrant head she rears:
No longer droops distress'd forlorn,
But fresh and blithe as May.
She rises to perfume the morn,
And smiles upon the day.

The

The limpid ſtreams of noble ſource
That miles in darkneſs flow,
Emerging in their devious courſe,
Tranſlucent beauties ſhew.
O'er golden ſands they gently glide,
Unruffled with the gale,
Reflecting heaven with ſplendid pride,
As rolling o'er the vale. [*Exit.*

Sir *Felix.* I'll puzzle them a little firſt though; their ſurpriſe and joy will be the greater.

Enter Laura, Fringe *and* William, *with band boxes, &c.*

Sir *Felix.* Eh! Laura! welcome home, my girl.

Lau. I thank you ſir.——Here, Fringe, take theſe things into the houſe.

Fringe. Yes, madam. [Exit.

Sir *Eelix.* Here we are, eh!—very well—Laid out all your caſh?—Well, well.—Didn't run in debt I hope?

Lau. No, ſir; your kindneſs amply ſupplied me.

Sir *Felix.* That's right. But come——your journal.

Lau. Now will he pretend to rail at my extravagance, altho' he delights in every wiſh of mine. (*Aſide.*) Firſt, ſir, I rattled up to my milliner's in Bond-ſtreet.——Mrs. Bufont has a charming taſte.——There's a cap, ſir;—the very crown of elegance!

Sir *Felix.* And coſt a crown in ſilver, I warrant now!

Lau.

Lau. A crown! dear ſir, it's cheap of three guineas.

Sir *Felix.* Three guineas!—Bond-ſtreet!—They make mighty pretty caps in Cranbourn-ally.

Lau. True, ſir. But if we don't yield a little to the faſhions of the times, we ſhall make a ruſty appearance to our poliſhed neighbours of the Continent.

Sir *Felix.* Laura, I like a medium. I'll neither ruſt in particularity, nor will I be a weather-cock to every puff of faſhion.

SONG.

In Jacky Bull, when bound for France,
The goſling you diſcover:
Tho' taught to ride, to fence, and dance,
A finiſh'd gooſe comes over:
With his tierce and carte, ſa! ſa!
And his cottillion ſo ſmart, ha! ha!
He charms each female heart, O la!
As Jacky returns from Dover.

For cocks and dogs, ſee ſquire at home
The prince of country tonies,
Return'd from Paris, Spa, or Rome,
Our ſquire's a nice Adonis:
With his tierce and carte, &c.

Sir *Felix.* For a trip or ſo, I ſhould have no objection to a ſnuff at the air of Fontainbleau; ſhould like to ſee the little chapel at Loretto, or the great tun of Heidelburg, or the Eſcurial, the bull feaſt, the

the goblin tapeſtry, or, to offence to his Holineſs's great toe, to pop my noſe into the Vatican. But after all, I ſhould be unfaſhionable enough to prefer little England to all the gardens and fountains of France, and palaces and converſationi of Italy.

Lau. I apprehend, ſir, I ſhould be ſomewhat of your opinion in that particular.

SONG.

The tuneful lark, as ſoaring high,
Upon its downy wings,
With wonder views the vaulted ſky,
And mounting ſweetly ſings.
Ambition ſwells its little breaſt,
Suſpended high in air,
And gently dropping to its neſt,
Finds real pleaſures there.

[*Exit.*

Sir *Felix.* Ha, ha, ha!——Poor Laura, I'll ſurpriſe you preſently.——Lingo!——Where is this crazy butler of mine? Lingo!——O! here he comes at laſt. Now will he peſter me with his damn'd barbarous Latin.——Lingo!

Enter Lingo.

Lin. I'm here, Domine Fe'ix.

Sir *Felix.* Domine! I'll Domine your block-head againſt the wall, if you Domine me.

Lin. I won't, Domine Felix.

Sir *Felix.* Again!

Lin. I've done, Domine Felix.

Sir *Felix.* Are your knives and glaſſes, and every thing ready for ſupper?

Lin. All ready, Domine Felix.

Sir *Felix.* O, damn your Domine!——Pray, Lingo, ſtir, and be clever; a great deal to do;—and I beſeech you, let me hear no more of your curſt Latin.

[*Exit.*

Lin. My curſt Latin! a bleſſed ignorant family this I have got into!

Enter Cudden.

Cudden, whither ſo faſt?

Cud. I am going upon the lawn to be merry, and to dance with my ſweetheart, Cowſlip, the dairy-maid. We'll have ſuch game!——

Lin. Game! Cudden, you muſt know the Olympic games were propria quæ maribus maſcula dicas.

Cud. I know nought of French, maſter Lingo. I loves to hear good Engliſh, becauſe as why, I ſpeaks good Engliſh; and ſo good bye, maiſter butler.

[*Exit.*

Enter Stump.

O farmer Stump!

Stump. I can't ſtay.

Lin. You can't ſtay! O you Adonis of the wood!—Ut ſunt divorum, Mars, Bacchus, Apollo, virorum.

Stump.

Stump. I don't underſtand Greek. [*Exit.*

Lin. Ay, ay, all my Latin's Greek to theſe people, you unhappy clowns, oh you Cyclops! they know nothing, nor won't be learned. Not a ſoul in the houſe will liſten to me but Cowſlip the dairy maid; and ſhe's going to jigg it on the lawn with the dancing fawns and ruſty bumkins. And here ſhe comes.

Enter Cowſlip, *with a bowl of cream.*

My ſweet Cowſlip, properly called Cowſlip. Nominativo hanc, huc et hoc.

Cow. I have put the hock into the ſyllabub, Mr. Lingo, and here it is.

Lin. What a ſenſible ſoul it is!

Cow. Will you take it within, Mr. Lingo?

Lin. No, child, I prefer the air. Zephyrus, Æolus, Boreas, and other gentle breezes will attend us here. I love the fragrant gales. Cowſlip, ſit down. You're a noun adjective, and muſt not ſtand by yourſelf. Let's have a toaſt.

Cow. I'll go bake one, ſir.

Lin. No, I'll make one. Here's that the maſculine may never be neuter to the feminine gender.

Cow. Here's that——ay, here's the maſculine to the feminine gender (*drinks*) O Lord! I left out the neuter.

Lin. You are right. Recte, puella. I know theſe things, child, ſo did Ovid and Cæſar.

Cow. What Cæſar, the great dog, ſir?

Lin. No, child; Judas Cæſar. Romulus and Remus were ſuckled by a wolf. They raviſhed the Sabine girls, and found Rome in Italy.

Cow. Ah! ſuch fellows would find room any where.

Lin. Jupiter was a fine god. He ſwam on a bull to Europe. He went into a flaſh of fire for Semele.

Cow. Yes, ſir, he'd go any lengths for his ale.

Lin. I mean his amours.

Cow. O ay; he'd drink with Moors or Turks either.

Lin. Drink! who?

Cow. Who! why Jew Peter the old clothes-man.

Lin. O cœlum in terra! for all my converſation, I find you know no more than the parſon of the pariſh. Ah, Cowſlip, if you was a goddeſs! the goddeſſes knew men and things.

Cow. More ſhame for 'em, Mr. Lingo, I ſay.

Lin. Jove loved an eagle, Mars a lion, Phœbus a cock, Venus a pigeon, Minerva loved an owl.

Cow. I ſhould not have thought of your cock, lions, your owls, and your pigeons, if I was a goddeſs. Give me a roaſt duck.

Lin. If you was Flora or Ceres!

Cow. Serus! I am ſerus.

Lin. O Cowſlip, the great old heroes, perhaps you have never heard of Homer, Moſes, Hercules, or Wat Tyler?

Cow. No indeed, ſir, not I.

Lin. Cowſlip, don't love the Clowns. That fellow, that Cudden, is a coloſſus of the road. He's a clown, a mere pheaſant; and yet, I ſuſpect this Faunus, this young Silenus is the deity, the great Pan of the dairy.

Cow. I could not ſet my cream, ſir, without a pan in the dairy.

Lin.

Lin. O Cowſlip, the fine gods, but for a mortal exit Homo.

SONG.

Such beauties in view I
Can never praiſe too high,
Not Pallas's blue eye
Is brighter than thine.
Not fount of Suſanna,
Nor gold of fair Danæ,
Nor moon of Diana,
So brightly can ſhine.
Not beard of Silenus,
Nor treſſes of Venus,
I ſwear by quæ genus,
With yours can compare.
Not Hermes Caduces,
Nor flower de luces,
Nor all the nine muſes,
To me is ſo fair.
Oh! Moſes, oh! Moſes,
What poſies, and roſes to noſes diſcloſes,
Your breath all ſo ſweet,
To the tip of your lip, as they trip the bees dip,
Honey ſip like choice ſlip, and their Hibla forget
When girls like you paſs us,
I ſaddle Pegaſſus,
And ride up Parnaſſus,
To Helicon's ſtream.

Even that is a puddle,
Where others may muddle;
My noſe let me fuddle
In bowls of your cream.
Old Jove the great Hector,
Of gods the director,
May tipple his nectar,
And thunder above:
I'd quaff off a full can,
As Bacchus or Vulcan,
Or Jove the old bull cann,
To her that I love.

Chorus, Oh! Moſes, &c.

SCENE II. *A Chamber.*

Enter Laura.

Where can Eugene be? at home, over his books and painting I ſuppoſe. He'd be here if he thought I was come back. Yes, he is all tenderneſs and attention; but his diffidence and provoking reſpect almoſt make me angry ſometimes. How a little abſence endears to us the object of our affection!

Enter Eugene.

Eug. You have been in London, madam!

Lau. Juſt returned, Eugene. Why will you call me madam? you know I don't like it.

Eug. Impute my offence to the real cauſe, my reſpect to my divine Laura.

Lau.

Lau. Send your reſpect back to its ſource, the bounty of Sir Felix.

Eug. My love, you have my heart, my life. But when I reflect on the diſtance my fate has thrown me from you, it checks my preſumption. I endeavour to hide from ſelf-contempt, and would, if poſſible, ſhrink from my own opinion.

Lau. What was I, Eugene? a poor, abandoned orphan; and but for the kind attention of ſir Felix, I ſhould be a wretched outcaſt, and experience the reception poverty muſt expect from a hard and ſordid world.

Eug. O my love, had we been born humble villagers, with my Laura I ſhould have been happy.

Lau. And I too with my Eugene.

DUET.

Eug. *The bluſhing ſun ſhall never riſe*
To ſteal the woodbine's pearly dew,
But thy dear name I'll breathe in ſighs,
And ev'ry thought ſhall be of you.

Lau. *Then penſive as a widow'd dove*
I'll cheerleſs watch the lazy day,
And when kind dreams bring home my love,
I'll eager graſp the welcome ray.

Both. *Hence far with doubt and jealous fear,*
With thee alone can joy return;
For thee I'll ſigh, for thee, my dear,
The lamp of love ſhall conſtant burn.

[*They retire up the ſtage.*

Enter Sir Felix *and* Compton.

Sir *Fel.* Compton, look there, a pair of turtles. Look, ſee there's looks of love.

Comp. Unfeigned affection indeed, ſir.

Sir *Felix.* Egad! I'll ſurpriſe them. I'll diſturb their tranquillity.

Comp. Dear ſir——

Sir *Felix.* Be quiet, man. Their joy will be the greater afterward.——Ha! Eugene! my boy, we han't had a diſh of chat to-day.

Eug. The loſs was mine, ſir.

Sir *Fel.* Compton, now for it.—Laura, do you know that I am very happy to-day;

Lau. Dear ſir, you never can be happier than I ſincerely wiſh you.

Sir *Fel.* I thank you, child—Yes, yes—Ha, ha, ha! I delight in a wedding.

Lau. Sir!—

Sir *Fel.* We are to have a wedding under this roof to-night, Eugene.

Eug. Indeed, ſir!

Sir *Fel.* Yes; I am going to marry.

Eug. Who, ſir?

Sir *Fel.* Laura.

Lau. Me? ſir!

Sir *Fel.* Yes; I am going to marry you to my ſon.

Eug. Son! Have you a ſon, ſir?

Comp. He has, Eugene; a ſon worthy of ſuch a father.

Eug.

Eug. And he is to be united to Laura!

Sir *Fel.* Yes, Eugene, he's a good lad. I'll assure you you'll like him exceedingly, Eugene. Egad! you'll never be out of his company. But he's at hand to bless my hopes, crown my wishes, and end my cares. You've no objection, Laura?

Lau. Gratitude, Sir, must ever make your will the guide of mine.—Till now I never felt the loss of a parent. [*Aside.*

Eug. Never till now did I regret the want of a fortune. [*Aside.*

Comp. My heart bleeds for them.

Sir *Fel.* Nonsense! when happiness comes unexpected, it brings a double blessing, and cheers like the sun from behind a cloud.

QUINTETTO.

Sir Felix. *O how sweetly pleasure's tasted,*
Usher'd in by grief or pain;
Every joy some joy is wasted,
Give me sunshine after rain.

Comp. *A trial so severe discovers*
True affection's real charms;
Hapless, happy, faithful lovers,
Soon you'll bless each other's arms.

Sir Felix. *O exquisite pleasure! O joy beyond measure!*
What say you, my Laura? what say you, my friend?

Then

Then hey for a wedding, and hey for a bedding,
And hey for a baby in nine months end!

Lau. and Eug.
Celeſtial patience! meek ey'd maid,
Impart thy lenient pow'r.
With calm content 'tis thou muſt aid,
And cheer and cheer the adverſe hour.

Sir Felix. *We'll be merry, by jingo!*
I've got ſome old relics
Of Bachus—What, Lingo!

Enter Lingo.

Lin. Here Domine Felix.

Sir Felix. *You know my choice old ſack,*
Go fetch a dozen bottles;
Brave Bacchus we'll attack,
Lin. *And bibo all our throttles.*

Sir Felix. *A feaſt's not worth a fig,*
Without a hearty jorum.

Lin. *Hey populorum jigg,*
Hey jiggo populorum.

CHORUS.

Hey populorum jigg,
Hey jiggo populorum.

End of the Firſt Act.

ACT

ACT II.

SCENE I. *An Inn.*

Draws and diſcovers Mrs. Cheſhire *and* Chicane.

Chic. SO, my glaſs of brandy and water is finiſhed, and by this time the horſes are putting to.

Mrs. *Cheſ.* We'll be upon him. He has got my letter by this; and Sir Felix Friendly, who lives here below, has given me notice of Eugene's intentions to marry an orphan girl ſomewhere here in the country? but I think I'll forbid the banns. You've the writ ready, Mr. Chicane?

Chic. In my pocket. But, Mrs. Cheſhire, I truſt you'll let no tender qualm prevent the execution of it, in caſe this young man, this Eugene, ſhould refuſe to marry you.

Mrs. *Cheſ.* Tender qualms? you're a good lawyer, I believe, Mr. Chicane, but you are little read in the heart of a woman. No, Sir; the more we love, the more we hate, when that love is ſlighted. And am not I right, ſir? not a better filled cheeſe-ſhop in the Borough than mine. What would the fellow have? and pray, ſir, an't I a wife for any man?

Chic. Wife! ay and a good wife too, Mrs. Cheſhire. And what's better, there's plenty of you.

Mrs.

Mrs. *Cheſ.* Ah! that's what my poor dear huſband uſed to ſay. The good ſoul died of a ſurfeit at the London Tavern. Ay, mere curds and whey;—wouldn't do for a city feaſt. Delicate as Parmeſan, Mr. Chicane. Why, wife, ſays he, you're an honour to Tooley-ſtreet. A noble Cheſhire caſt in a Dutch mould. If he ſtill refuſes my hand and property——

Chic. To priſon he goes. Yes, I've got a bailiff that I think will have him. Yes, my bailiff's an agreeable fellow. Tom Touch has a moſt taking way with him. Yes, yes, he'll ſleep in the King's Bench to-night.

Mrs. *Cheſ.* Ay, as ſure as you've two ears upon your head, Mr. Chicane.

Chic. Then he's ſafe enough. [*Aſide.*

Mrs. *Cheſ.* Yes, yes, to priſon he goes; and I think I am right, Sir,

Chic. Right! if not, madam, I would not be concerned for you. I like to be on the right ſide; and in my laſt cauſe particularly, I lent an ear to juſtice.—— She never repaired it though. [*Aſide.*

Mrs. *Cheſ.* Come, Mr. Chicane, riſe.—O! I hope the poor beaſts have fed. A tolerable pull to draw you and me in a gigg from London.

Chic. Only two hours and four minutes. You are an excellent driver, Mrs. Cheſhire.

Mrs. *Cheſ.* A pretty work ſir, in ſuch weather, driving a gigg after a fellow! I proteſt, ſir, though my poor dear huſband had a confirmed aſthma, and was ſixty-eight when he died, I give myſelf more trouble about this Eugene, though the fellow is in found health, and is only twenty-four.

Chic.

Chic. All from your good-nature, Mrs. Cheſhire.

Mrs. *Cheſ.* Oh! if my poor dear huſband was alive——But he's better where he is.

SONG.

In choice of a huſband we widows are nice,
I'd not have a man who'd grow old in a trice,
Not a bear or a monkey, a clown or a ſop,
But one that could buſtle and ſtir in my ſhop.

A log I'll avoid, when I'm chooſing my lad,
And a ſtork that might gobble up all that I had,
Such ſuitors I've had, ſir, but off they might hop,
I want one that can buſtle and ſtir in my ſhop.

The lad in my eye is the man to my mind,
So handſome, ſo young, ſo polite and ſo kind,
With ſuch a good ſoul to the altar I'd pop,
He's the man that can buſtle and ſtir in my ſhop.

SCENE II. *A Chamber.*

Enter Sir Felix *and* Compton.

Sir *Fel.* Ha, ha, ha! ſhe's come: Mrs. Cheſhire is come, and brought an attorney upon him. How he will be ſurpriſed! a letter is her harbinger, and they'll be here in five minutes. Ha, ha, ha!

Comp. I had not a notion 'twas you ſent for her, Sir Felix.

Sir *Fel.* I knew I'd ſurpriſe you. Ha, ha, ha!—— We'll ſee how he'll fight it out. Egad! they'll ſurpriſe him. How finely he'll be hampered! an ideal rival on one ſide, and a real attorney on the other. Ha, ha, ha!

Comp. And tantalized with forbidden fruit in the tempting affection of my Laura.

Sir *Fel.* Ay, but when I ſnatch him from the attorney and the fat cheeſemonger, and bleſs him with an affluent fortune and his dear Laura, how he'll be then ſurpriſed!

Comp. Why certainly the winding up will be the beſt of the joke.

Sir *Fel.* Joke! I live in a joke. A hearty laugh is my leaſe of happineſs; and on the farm of fun I'll be a tenant for life.

SONG.

While ſome do love full bowls to quaff,
Some like a dog and gun O!
But I a chearful, hearty laugh,
Give me a bit of fun O!

For I'll ſmile and jeſt, and do my beſt,
While life's hour-glaſs doth run O!
And while I can, tho' an old man,
I'll have a bit of fun O!

I lik'd a laſs both briſk and gay,
And after her did run O!

Then

Then whiſper'd ſomething in her ear,
For I lov'd a bit of fun O!

So ripe for ſport and bliſs was ſhe,
I thought the buſineſs done O!
But when I fain would happy be,
Says ſhe, you're making fun O!

So with laugh, and joke, and mirth, and ſong,
At length her heart I won O!
And then to church we went along,
And at night we had ſome fun O!

[*Exeunt.*

[As ſung in LONDON.]

I.

Sir Felix. *Some like great bowls to quaff,*
Some like a dog and gun;
Give me a hearty laugh,
I love a bit of fun.

I lik'd a maiden's charms,
And after her I'd run:
I took her in my arms,
Says I, we'll have ſome fun.

II.

So ripe for ſport and play,
I thought the buſineſs done;

But when I feign would kiss,
Says she, you're making fun.

With joke and laugh and play,
At length her heart I won;
To church we went that day,
At night we had some fun.

Enter Eugene.

Eug. I wish I could get an opportunity of speaking to Laura. I won't return to sir Felix in such a perturbed state of mind. Company, conversation is—

Enter Lingo.

Lin. Do, sir, come in and take a glass, do. Sir, pray come in, and bibo a little with your father and Domine Felix. They are gone laughing into the parlour, and I have opened a bottle for 'em.

Eug. Well, Lingo, my respects to sir Felix, and I shall do myself the honour of waiting on him at supper.

Lin. No, sir, 'tis I that am to wait on him at supper, because I am the butler. Do, pray, sir, come in to meo magister. You'll be heartily welcome to Domine Felix I'm sure; and that the wine is good bona veritas I'm sure; for I took two glasses just now at the side-board.

Eug. Why then, pray go in and take another. Primo, secundo, tertio, Mr. Lingo.

Lin.

Lin. Primo, ſecundo, tertio! Mr. Eugene, you know ſomething, I know a little too. You have ſtudied. Pray, ſir, was you an Oxonian, or a Cantab?

Eug. What an infernal fellow! *(Half aſide.)*

Lin. An infernal fellow!—O then you wore a ſquare cap—I'll poſe the infernal fellow of Oxford.—Pray, ſir, can you decline the amatum ſupine to a lady that's fine?

Eug. I find you are a great ſcholar, Mr. Lingo.

Lin. Scholar! I was a maſter of ſcholars. Scio ſcribendo, I can read. Legere, I can write. Tacitorum Latinum, I can ſpeak Latin. But then, quid opus mihi uſumque ſciente? what need have I of ſo much knowledge? No one liſtens to me but Cowſlip the dairy-maid; and I admire her ſapience, for ſhe's as docile as a young elephant.

SONG.

Amo, Amas,
I love a laſs,
As a cedar tall and ſlender,
Sweet Cowſlips grace
In her nom'native caſe,
And ſhe's of the feminine gender.

Rorum, corum,
Sunt Divorum,
Harum ſcarum divo,
Tag rag merry derry,
Perriwig and hatband,
Hic hoc horum genitivo.

Can I decline
A nymph divum?
Her voice as a flute is dulcis,
Her oculus bright,
Her manus white,
And ſoft when tacto her pulſe is.—
Chorus. Rorum, corum, &c.

O how bella
My puella!
I'll kiſs in ſecula ſeculorum;
If I have luck, ſir,
She's my uxor,
O Dies benedictorum!
Chorus, Rorum, corum, &c.

[*Exit* Lingo.

Enter Thomas.

Eug. Well, Thomas.

Tho. I've been taking a mug of ale at the Griffin, ſir; and a lady juſt come from London deſired me to give you that there letter. *Exit.*

Eug. Mrs. Cheſhire's hand, my old Calypſo of Tooley-ſtreet. [*Reads.*

" Sir,

" I wiſh I could ſay dear Eugene; but you know " you are unworthy of ſuch an epithet, yet my good- " nature obliges me to repeat the offer of my hand, " which if you again reject, my attorney has inſtruc- " tions

"tions to sue you for the money my goodness lent to
"your necessity.

"Yours, if you please,

"MARGERY CHESHIRE.

"P. S. I and my attorney will be with you im-
"mediately."

'Sdeath! to be pestered at such a time with such a fulsome, teazing, old fool! her cash, that she absolutely forced upon me—What shall I do with her? a silly, ridiculous—Eh! egad! suppose I—Ha, ha, ha! —a thought strikes me. It will involve her in a ridiculous situation. I'll procure her a more honourable reception than she expects. Ha, ha, ha! Yes. Thomas shall set it a going through the family. I'll tell it him as a secret, and he'll tell it over the house, and the more marvellous the easier swallowed.

Enter Thomas.

Tho. O Sir, I've been looking for you. The lady got here as soon as her letter. She's in the little parlour, and—

Eug. Hush!

Tho. Sir!—

Eug. Thomas, I know you're honest.

Tho. That I am, sir, as any servant in—

Eug. Thomas, can you—shut that door;—can you keep a great secret?

Tho. Leave me alone for that, sir.

Eug.

Eug. O Thomas, it's of the greateſt conſequence. If known, it may lay our country in ruin.

Tho. I won't tell a word of it, ſir.

Eug. Not for your ſoul.——Then, you muſt know ——come this way——that lady that gave you the letter, and that's now in the little parlour, is a Ruſſian Princeſs.

Tho. A Princeſs!

Eug. The Princeſs Ruſtifuſti. She fought a duel——

Tho. A Princeſs fight a duel!

Eug. With a great Count of the holy Roman empire. She was run through the ſword-arm; but the noble Count's wounds were ſaid to be mortal; ſo ſhe has fled to England for ſafety; and if ſhe's diſcovered, we muſt give her up: then Thomas ſhe'll be beheaded.

Tho. Poor noble ſoul!

Eug. Ay, Thomas; ſuch a Princeſs!—knows all languages, and Engliſh moſt correctly. Now, Thomas, if you mention this——

Tho. Me! not for——

Enter Fringe.

Eug. Huſh!——not a word, eſpecially to a woman. [*Exit.*

Fringe. And why not to a woman, pray?

Tho. Becauſe it's a ſecret.

Fringe. A ſecret! I muſt know it.

Tho. O! Mrs. Fringe, if you would not ſpeak of it——

Fringe. Come, tell me.

Tho.

Tho. Then you muſt know—ſhut the door—this way—the great lady in the little parlour is a Ruſſian Princeſs.

Fringe. A Princeſs!

Tho. The Princeſs Ruſky Fuſky. She killed two Counts of the holy Roman empire. She's here incog. And if ſhe's taken, her head will be chopped off. Not a word of that, Mrs. Fringe; for it's a raſcally thing to tell a thing once you're intruſted with it.

Fringe. So it is indeed, Thomas. [*Exit* Tho.

A Princeſs! I'll wait upon her. She may prefer me to be one of her maids of honour.

Enter John.

John. Did you ſee Mr. Lingo? I want ſome cake and wine for this ſtrange gentlewoman here in the parlour.

Fringe. Gentlewoman! well, I find ſome people know more of ſome people than ſome people. But when people intruſt people with people's ſecrets, people are not to tell them to all the people people meet.

John. Hey! the devil! what a crowd of people's here!

Fringe. Eh!—no, we're alone—ſhut the door—John, if you know—you won't tell any body?

John. Tell! did I tell of the bottle of burnt claret the other night, though I ſtole it from Mr. Lingo myſelf?

Fringe. No, you have diſcretion, John,—John, that gentlewoman, as you call her, is—but it is the greateſt

greateſt ſecret——ſhe is the great Ruſſian Princeſs Ruſky Fuſky.

John. The Princeſs Ruſky Fuſky!

Fringe. She was ſet upon by five holy Roman Empires. The dear lady had nothing elſe but her fan and her ſciſſars; and with theſe ſhe defended her honour, with her back againſt a tree, till ſhe laid the five holy Roman Empires all dead at her feet. If ſhe had ſtaid, ſhe would have had her head ſeverated from her body; ſo ſhe called for her own maid, a faithful ſenſible body like me, one that never blabb'd,——ſhe packed up her portmanteau, croſſed the ſeas, and landed at Blackheath. If ſhe's taken——John, don't tell, as her life's in danger.

John. Her life in danger! damme! if I'd tell for half a crown.

Fringe. I believe you, John. I aſſure you I would, n't have told you, only I know you can keep a ſecret as well as myſelf. [*Exit.*

John. Can one get any thing by it though?

Enter Cowſlip.

Cow. What cream is wanted for the morning, John?

John. Ha! my dainty dairy-maid!

Cow. Ha'done, do. I ſhouldn't have thought of your impudence, John. [*Bell rings.*

John. Zounds! I forgot the wine and cake for the Prin——gad! I'd like to have popt it out.——Ah! Cowſlip, I could diſcover——

Cow.

Cow. I don't care what you diſcover of me. Why did Mr. Lingo tell then?

John. What?

Cow. O, nothing.

John. Damn the old wig-block! he has the ear, and I fancy the lip too of every woman in the houſe.

Cow. Why, you're as tall, and your leg is not amiſs when you're behind the coach. But why don't you ſpeak the Latin tongue?

John. I've more regard to decency, than to curſe and ſwear to innocent women, becauſe they don't underſtand me.

Cow. Does Mr. Lingo do ſo? certain and ſure he does come out with his nouns ſometimes.

John. Cowſlip, I'll tell you the ſecret if you'll affront him.

Cow. Ods-daiſy! but I'll huff him; will that do? I'll pull his wig. He's mighty proud of his wig. Now what's the ſecret, pray?

John. The ſecret is—*(Bell rings.)* Coming!—dont't tell. We've a great Princeſs in the houſe.

Cow. A Princeſs! ods-daiſy! that's fine.

John. The Ruſſian Princeſs Ruſky Fuſky.

Cow. The Princeſs Ruſky Fuſky!

John. She killed ſix knights of the holy Roman Emperor. She's in diſguiſe here. The conſtables are after her with a ſearch-warrant, and ſhe'll be hanged if ſhe's taken. You have the ſecret now, and pray keep it for my ſake. (*Bell rings.*) Coming, coming! [*Exit.*

Cow. Keep the ſecret! ay, that I will.—Lord! I'll go to the Princeſs Ruſky Fuſky, and then I muſt make haſte to the lawn, or all the ſports will be over,

and

and Cudden my ſweet-heart gone home, or mayhap dance with another girl.—John and Mr. Lingo.—Ah! after all, I find Cudden has ſkimmed the cream of my affection.

SONG.

Lord! what care I for man or dad?
Why let them ſcold and bellow;
For while I live I'll love my lad,
He's ſuch a charming fellow.

The laſt fair-day, on yonder green,
The youth he danc'd ſo well O!
So ſpruce a lad was never ſeen,
As my ſweet charming fellow.

The fair was over, night was come,
The lad was ſomewhat mellow;
Says he, my dear, I'll ſee you home,—
I thank'd the charming fellow.

We trudg'd along, the moon ſhone bright,
Says he, my ſweeteſt Nelly!
I'll kiſs you here by this good light,
Lord! what a charming fellow!

You rogue, ſays I, you've ſtopp'd my breath,
The bells ring out my knell O!
Again I'd die ſo ſweet a death
With ſuch a charming fellow.

O here

O here comes Mr. Lingo, with his gibberiſh and his nonſenſe.

Enter Lingo.

Lin. O my ſweeteſt of Cowſlips, dulcis puella! by my dexter and ſiniſter manus, your antic Caleb ſings Io Pœans to ſee you.

Cow. What do you ſay, you're in pain to ſee me, Mr. Lingo?

Lin. Gerunds, declenſions, verbs, and adverbs!

Cow. I ſhould not ha' thought of your herbs.

Lin. Aid me, Amor, the eight parts of ſpeech, ſingular, plural, nouns and pronouns!

Cow. Mr. Lingo, I doesn't love curſing and ſwearing.

Lin. Nominativo hanc, hunc et hoc.

Cow. Hock again! you're drunk with hock for my part I believe. I deſire you'll ha' done, do.

(Gives him a puſh.

Lin. Ha' done, do! Hear this you azure woods, you purling plains, you verdant ſkies, you chryſtal ſwains, ye feathered fountains, tinkling groves, you cooing kids, ye capering doves! ſhe's in the imperative mood, O damnatus, obſtinatus mulier!

Cow. Do you ſay I'm a damn'd obſtinate mule?—— How dare you call me names? I'll pull your wig for you, that's what I will. *(Pulls his wig.*

Lin. If my ſcholars was to ſee me now, they'd never let me whip 'em again in ſæcula ſeculorum.

Cow. For all your lorums and larning, I could larn you ſomewhat, if I had a mind, Mr. Schoolmaſter; but it's a great ſecret, or I could tell you how the big lady in the little parlour is the Princeſs Ruſky Fuſky; how ſhe killed ſeven whole Roman Emperors; and how ſhe'll be hanged in chains if ſhe's catch'd; and I could have told you every word of it if I pleaſed; but you ſhan't know a ſyllabub of it from me, that you ſhan't, Mr. Schoolmaſter. [*Exit.*

Lin. Multum in parvo. What a diſcreet ſlut it is to know all this, and would'nt tell even me, becauſe it's a ſecret! The Princeſs Ruſky Fuſky in our houſe! this is indeed a ſecret, pro bono publico. This Cowſlip is the very flower, the daffy-down-dilly of dairy maids!

SONG.

Of all the pretty flowers
A cowſlip's my delight,
With that I'd paſs my hours
Both morning, noon, and night.
To be ſure I would, tol, tol, &c.

This cowſlip ſmell'd ſo ſweetly,
And look'd ſo freſh and gay,
Says I, you're dreſs'd ſo neatly,
We'll have a little play.
To be ſure we will, &c.

One

One evening, in the dairy,
'Twas lying on the ſhelf,
I kiſs'd this pretty fairy,
And then lay down myſelf.
To be ſure I did, &c.

This flower one morning early,
Upon a bed did reſt;
I long'd to pull it dearly,
And ſtick it in my breaſt.
To be ſure I could, &c.

SCENE III.

Enter Eugene.

Eug. So, as I expected, my ſecret has gone through the family, and my cheeſe-monger is a Ruſſian Princeſs.

Enter Laura.

Lau. O Eugene, I hear Sir Felix's ſon is actually arrived.

Eug. Then my Laura, though bitter the ſeparation, I bid an eternal adieu to you and happineſs.

Lau. Do you leave the country, Eugene?

Eug. Can I ſtay to ſee my deareſt Laura——think, what I would ſay.

Lau. Nay, Eugene, do tell me.

Eug. Sir Felix's ſon is arrived, and—can I ſee you in the arms of another?

Lau. Ah, Eugene, if you go—do you, can you think your Laura will ſtay behind?

Eug. Generous Laura! but Sir Felix has ſet his heart upon your union with his ſon. To his bounty my father and I owe our very exiſtence. And ſhall I, like a viper, turn and ſting my kind preſerver? no Laura. Though in the poſſeſſion of you, my love, I comprize all hopes of happineſs; yet, in my mind, the height of human bliſs is dearly gained, when purchaſed by an action of diſhonour.

Lau. I aſk your pardon, ſir.—I ſee my error.——I ſhan't be ungrateful to Sir Felix.—I'll give my hand where he commands, tho' my heart may burſt.—Oh! Eugene, I did not think you'd uſe me thus.

SONG.

Ah! why take back the vows you gave,
Or wiſh to part with mine?
My heart is ſtill your willing ſlave,
Tho' yours I muſt reſign.

A bird thoſe vows did firſt engage,
Tho' anxious to remain,
Enamour'd of his golden cage,
You'd now let looſe again.

You've lull'd me in a dream of love,
A gay illuſive ſhew,
And when the ſubſtance I would prove,
You wake me into woe.

Eug. I cannot bear this, and fair love muſt triumph over gratitude.——And have you fortitude, Laura, to face the world with me?

Lau.

Lau. Try me. And not even the elements ſhall part your faithful Laura from her beloved Eugene.

Eug. Generous Laura!

SONG.

My Laura, will you truſt the ſeas,
For poor Eugene quit home and eaſe,
And certain peril prove?
Then conſtancy,
Our pilot be,
As all our freight is love.

Our bark ſhall bravely ſtem the tide,
Till ſkies clear up, and ſtorms ſubſide,
And peace returns her dove;
If conſtancy,
Our pilot be,
As all our freight is love. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

Draws and diſcovers Mrs. Cheſhire *ſitting down,* Lingo, John *and* William *ceremoniouſly waiting.*

Mrs. *Cheſ.* My patience is almoſt wearied out.——Very ſtrange I can't ſee Eugene.—Oh dear! a glaſs of water, if you pleaſe.

John. Yes, Madam.

Lin. Madam! John don't know ſhe's a Princeſs; and I can't do her proper homage before theſe Cyclops. John, you may both retire.

John. Mr. Lingo's not in the ſecret. *(Aſide.* Mr. Lingo, pray bow reſpectfully to her.

Lin. Do you teach me that have teached hundreds? centum, docintum, you vile lictor! take your face out of the room, go. An't I the domeſtic god, the very Lary of the family? go. *(Exit John.)* Don't be afraid. Nobody knows you but me.

Mrs. *Cheſ.* Theſe Kentiſh ſervants are very civil.

Enter Cowſlip, *with a bowl.*

Cow. Some of our Engliſh cream for your royal reverence! *(Kneeling.)*

Mrs. *Cheſ.* My royal reverence!

Lin. Take the glaſs, pleaſe your Catholic majeſty.

Mrs. *Cheſ.* My Catholic majeſty!

Lin. Cowſlip, leave the preſence.

Cow. I have no more preſents than the bowl of cream.

Lin. Cream! you ſhallow Pomona!

Cow. Well, till now I always thought your great Ruſſians wore whiſkers. [*Exit.*

Lin. Don't mind that girl, moſt learned Mufti. She's a mere Engliſh Druid, moſt divine bard.

Enter John, *with cake.*

Lin. John, this honour is too great——

John. Mr. Lingo, I was ordered——

Lin. John, I do not love a common Demoſthenus.

John. Sir, I——

Lin. Go out, unmannerly homo, go! *(Exit* John.) The moſt impudent canus in our domus.

Mrs.

Mrs. *Chef.* This is wine. A glaſs of water, if you pleaſe.

Lin. In vino veritas. You get no water in this houſe. Some cake for your faithful majeſty.

Mrs. *Chef.* My majeſty! O, this is mere diverſion, ——I ſent a letter juſt now from the Griffin to Mr. Eugene.

Lin. You ſent it! Yes, he got a letter from the Griffin.—Take ſome cake. Vivitur, we live by eating and drinking, pleaſe your grace's holineſs.

Mrs. *Chef.* My grace's holineſs! pray, harkee, ſir, does your maſter tolerate you to—but I——I'm cool.

Lin. Cool! ſhe wants the Ruſſian ſtove. We have no ſuch in England, great Ottoman; but I'll immediately get you a chafing-diſh of hot coals for your ſublime port. (*Exit.*

Enter Fringe.

Fringe. (*Kneeling.*) Pleaſe your royal highneſs.

Mrs. *Chef.* My royal highneſs.

Fringe. I am my young lady's own woman, your royal highneſs!

Mrs. *Chef.* I am no royal highneſs, madam.

Fringe. Oh! I know your royal highneſs very well; but I'd ſcorn to betray your royal highneſs, as it was in defence of your vartue you killed the Roman Emperors.

Mrs. *Chef.* I kill the Roman Emperors!

Fringe. A Ruſſian Princeſs!—Give me our own royal family after all! [*Exit.*

Mrs.

Mrs. *Chef.* All mad in this houſe, I believe.

Enter Lingo, *with a cloak.*

Lin. You will have the hot coals preſently. In the mean time throw this Ruſſian fur cloak over you. Mr. Compton wore it in your cold Eaſtern ports. You were wounded in the ſword arm, great Ruſtifuſti.

Mrs. *Chef.* Yes, this fellow's mad. (*Aſide.*

Lin. Thoſe Roman Emperors that attacked you were mere Tarquins. Depend upon it, that chair is too low for your highneſs. Here is another. It is higher, and more fitting for your eminence.

Enter Thomas, (*Kneels.*)

Tho. Your highneſs is diſcovered. (*Whiſpering.*

Mrs. *Chef.* Highneſs! all mad. I have got into Bedlam ſure. (*Aſide.*

Lin. (*Laying hold of* Thomas.) Whiſper a princeſs! why, Thomas, you fancy yourſelf Cardinal Wolſey in this houſe.

Tho. O! if you knew, Mr. Lingo—

Lin. What? Quid opus?

Tho. A ſecret. I met an attorney and a bailiff at the door.

Lin. An attorney!—turn out. (*Turns him out.*

Mrs. *Chef.* It's my lawyer. Open the door.

Lin. Let in an attorney!—are you mad, great potentate?—Oh, oh!

Mrs. *Chef.* Open the door.

Lin. The lawyer will betray you, commander of the faithful.

Mrs. *Chef.* Open the door, I ſay!

Lin.

Lin. Sit quiet, great Ruſtifuſti.

Mrs. *Cheſ.* Am I to be ſhut up here with a madman? Open the door, I inſiſt. *(Riſes.*

Lin. Her ſerene highneſs is in a paſſion. She'll never be taken alive. Yes, ſhe'll kill the attorney. There's a caſe of piſtols. There's a broad ſword. Heavens! how ſhe'll fight! here, now, defend yourſelf, brave Ruſtifuſti.———

Mrs. *Cheſ.* Open the door, I ſay.

Lin. Yes, ſhe'll ſhoot the attorney. Stay till I get up here.——Now prime, and fire away, brave Bellona.

Enter Sir Felix *and* Compton.

Sir *Felix.* Don't be alarmed, Princeſs. Though your perſon's known here, you're ſafe by all the laws of hoſpitality.

Lin. Stand out of the way, Domine Felix, till Ruſtifuſti ſhoots the attorney.

Comp. Why this is Mrs. Cheſhire, our Southwark cheeſemonger,

Lin. A cheeſemonger! O cœlum et terra! and have I ſtudied Syntax, Cordery, Juvenal, and Triſtram Shandy, to ſerve wine on my knee to a mighty cheeſemonger!—But there is one thing I can never forgive in ſæcula ſæculorum.

Comp. What's that, Lingo?

Lin. Her not ſhooting the attorney. [*Exit.*

Enter Chicane.

Chi. So, ſo, the party has abſconded.

Mrs.

Mrs. *Chef.* Eugene!

Sir *Felix.* My ſon run away!

Chi. With the young lady of the houſe I think.

Comp. My daughter!

Sir *Felix.* Tol, lol, lol!—Ha, ha, ha! This is good. To avoid each other, gone off together. Ha, ha, ha! I am ſo happy.

Enter Eugene *and* Laura.

Sir *Felix.* So, you two ran away to be married, I ſuppoſe?

Eug. With that intention, ſir, I confeſs.

Lau. Dear Sir Felix, the fault was mine; but Eugene's mind is replete with honour, and he has made me a proſelyte. O ſir! he has my affections. I here return to my obedience, with hopes a ſon of your's will never accept my hand, when my heart is poſſeſſed by another.

Sir *Felix.* Refuſed a fine girl rather than violate the tie of honour and gratitude!—My Eugene! my ſon! take the bleſſing of a father; for I now with pride acknowledge you.

Eug. (*To* Compton) Sir!

Comp. 'Tis true, Eugene. Sir Felix claims your filial duty.

Eug. I'm ſurpriſed!

Sir *Felix.* Yes, I love to ſurpriſe people.

Lau. Dear ſir! (*To Sir* Felix) your bleſſing and forgiveneſs. (*Kneeling.*)

Sir *Felix.* Kneel there, Laura. His right is prior to mine.

Lau.

Lau. Mr. Compton!—

Comp. Yes, Laura, in me you behold an affectionate parent; but next to heaven you owe your thanks to that benevolent man.

Mrs. *Chef.* Well, I'll be revenged if it coſt me half the cheeſe in my ſhop.

Sir *Felix.* Stay, widow. Egad! I've ſurpriſed you. Suppoſe you ſurpriſe me in turn, and marry the attorney?

Mrs. *Chef.* I own Mr. Chicane is an honeſt man, but—

Sir *Felix.* Honeſt! take him home.—Bring an honeſt attorney over London Bridge with you, and you'll ſurpriſe all Tooley-ſtreet.

Enter Lingo.

Lin. I hear of a wedding going to be, Domine Felix, therefore I will write a Latin epitaph for the pair of bridegrooms, wherein I'll provoke the patronage of Cupid, Thomas a Becket, Sir Godfrey Kneller, and Helley O'Gabalus.

Sir *Felix.* Let me have no more of your damn'd Godfreys and Gabaluſſus. Lay the cloth and ſurpriſe us with a good wedding ſupper.

Eug. A wedding! is it poſſible—

Sir *Felix.* Yes, boy, poſſible; ay, and probable too. I've ſurpriſed you with the girl of your heart, and a good fortune. Is not this an Agreeable Surpriſe.

FINALE.

Sir Felix. *A kiſs, my girl; your hand, my boy;*
There, now each anxious trouble ends:
Yet, be it ſtill my greateſt joy
With bleſſings to ſurpriſe my friends.

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

Each jovial heart be pleas'd this night—
What bleſſings in good humour lies!
And proſpects yield more ſweet delight
By an Agreeable Surpriſe.

Lau. and Eug.
In pureſt robes of radiant light,
Diana, Ceres, Hymen, come.
You've bleſt the day, ſo crown this night,
Our birth-day, wedding, harveſt home.

Mrs. Chef. *Great Ruſtifuſti now no more*
Nor Ruſſian Princeſs here incog!
But widow Cheſhire as before,
And for a huſband ſtill agog!

Comp. *Uncertain yet our poet's fate,*
'Tis your award muſt fix his doom;
Applaud——with joy he'll celebrate
Our birth-day, wedding, harveſt home.

Lingo. *For omnæ bene he applies,*
His DEAD ALIVE *in critic's paw,*
Forgive th' AGREEABLE SURPRISE,
And ſpare him for his SON-IN-LAW.

CHORUS.

Each jovial heart be pleas'd this night, &c.

THE END.